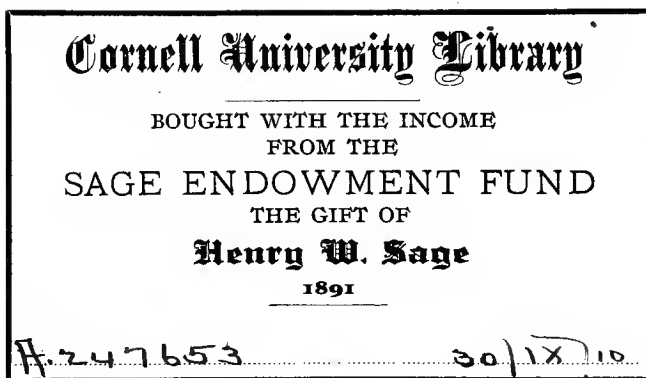


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The longer thou livest the more fool thou



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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Longer thou Livest the more
Fool thou art

By W. WAGER

[C. 1568]

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Longer thou Livest the more Fool thou art

By W. WAGER

Date of earliest known Edition c. 1568

[B.M., C. 34, e. 37]

Reproduced in Facsimile 1910

The Longer thou Livest the more Fool thou art

By W. WAGER

[c. 1568]

The original of this facsimile is supposed to have been printed c. 1568. The Stationers' Register has the following among the entries from July 22, 1568, to July 22, 1569 (Arber's Transcript, I. 386):—

*“Recevyd of Rychard Jonnes for his lycense for pryntinge of a
ballet the lenger thou leveste the more ffoole thow
iiij d.”*

There is record of two other plays by W. Wager (who must not be confounded with Lewis Wager, the author of “Mary Magdalene”). One, “’Tis Good Sleeping in a whole Skin,” is said to have been destroyed by Warburton’s servant; of the other, “The Cruel Debtor,” till recent years the only known leaf was C. iii. in Bagford’s collection of title-pages and scraps among the Harleian MSS. Mr. Edmund W. Gosse, however, came across a double leaf, D. and D. 4, among Mr. W. B. Scott’s black-letter fragments. These three leaves will be included in the first volume of facsimiles of Dramatic Fragments already announced in this series.

[In this connection the Editor will be pleased to receive information of, and suggestions concerning other fragments of a similar kind that it would be desirable or useful to include in the three volumes of fragments at present contemplated.]

Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the MS. Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original (C. 34, e. 37), says "it is admirably done."

JOHN S. FARMER.

A very merry and

Pythie Commedie, called The longer
thou liuest, the more foole thou art.

A Myrrour very necessarie for youth, and
specially for such as are like to come to dig-
nitie and promotion: As it maye
well appeare in the Matter

folowynge.
Newly compiled by
VV. VVager.



PRINTED AT

London, by Wylliam How

for Richard Iohnes: and

are to be solde at his shop

under the Lotterie

house.

The Players

names.

Prologue.	fortune.
Moros.	Ignorance.
Discipline.	Crueltie.
Pietie.	Impietie.
Exercitacion.	People.
Idlenesse.	Gods Iudgement.
Incontinencie.	Confusion, of Pea. my page
Wrath.	



Four may playe it easely.

{ The Prologue.	Exercitacion.	V Wrath.	} for one.
{ Cruelie.	Goddes Iudgement.		
{ Moros.			} for another.
{ Fortune.			
{ Discipline.	Incontinencie.		} for another.
{ Impietie.	Confusion.		
{ Pietie.	Idlencs.		} for another.
{ Ignorance.	People.		



The Prologe.



Ristophones as Valerius Doth tell,
Introduceth Pericles in a Commedie,
That he being reduced, againe out of Hell,
Unto Athenienieses did thus prophesie.

Bring vp no Lyons in your Cities wantonly,
For as you bring them vp in actes pernicious,
So in the same you must be to them obsequious.
By this saith Valerius he doth admonish,
That rich men sonnes be from euell manners refrained
Least that with profuse fondnes we do them nozish,
Vertue of them euer after be disdained :
So that when authoritie, they haue obtained,
They them selues being giuen to inconuenience,
Oppresse their subiects vnder their obedience,
Oh how noble a thing is good education,
For all estates profitable : but for them chiesely
Which by birth are like to haue gubernation,
In publique weales, that they may rule euer iustly :
For while the Romanes did forsee this matter wisely,
They had a wise Senate which preuailed alway,
And that being neglected, they fell soone to decay.
To be a good man it is also expedient,
Of good Parents to be begotten and bozne,
In deede to all men it is most euident,
That a pleasaunt Rose springeth of a sharpe Thorne,
But commonly of good Seed procedeth good Corne,
Good Parents in good manners do instruct their childe,
Correcting him when he beginneth to grow wilde :
The bringing vp of a childe from his tender age,
In vertue, is a great helpe to be an honest man,
But when youth is suffered to haue his owne rage,
It falleth to much calamity now and than:
I would with Parents and Masters to do what they can
Both to teach and correct their youth with reason,
That it may profit the publique weale an other season.

The Prologe.

To helpe hereto good Schoole Masters are necessarie,
Sage, sober, expert, learned, gentle and prudent,
Under such Masters youth can neuer miscarie,
For either they reframe euils with good aduise ment,
Or to occupy the minde good lessons do inuent :
To youth nothing in the world is so pernicious;
As to be conuersant, with masters laciuous,
Briuing vp is a great thing, so is diligence,
But nothing, God except, is so strong of Nature,
For neither counsell, learninge nor sapience,
Can an euill nature to honest manners allure :
Do we not see at these daies so many past cure,
That nothing can their crookednes relesie,
Till they haue destroyed them vtterly :
The Image of such persons we shall introduce,
Represented by one whom Moros we do call,
By him we shall declare the vnthriftie abuse,
Of such as had leuer to Folly and Idleness fall,
Then to herken to Sapience when he doth call :
There processe, howe their whole life they do spende,
And what shame they com to at the last ende :
Wherefore this our matter we entitle and name,
The longer thou liuest the more Foole thou arte.
Are there not many which do veresse the same :
Yes I warrant you, and naturally play that parte,
Yea, euen from the Iudgment seat vnto the Carte :
But truly we meane no person perticularly,
But only to specifie of such generally :
Holsom lessons now and then we shall enterlace,
Good for the ignozant, not hurtfull to the wise,
Honest mirth shall com in, and appeare in place,
Not to thaduancement, but to the shame of vice,
To extoll Vertue without faile is our devise,
A season we shall desier you of pacience,
And to make you mery we will do our diligence.



FINIS.

Here entresth Moros, counterfaiting
a baine gesture and a foolish countenance,
Synging the foot of many Songes, as fooles
were wont.

Moros. **B**rome, Brome on hill,
The gentle Brome on hill hill:
Brome, Brome on Blue hill,
The gentle Brome on Blue hill,
The Brome standes on Blue hill a.
A Robin lende to me thy Bowe, thy Bowe,
Robin the bow, Robin lende to me thy bow a;
A There was a Mayde come out of Kent,
Deintie loue, deintie loue,
There was a mayde cam out of Kent,
Daungerous be:
There was a mayde cam out of Kent,
Fayre, propre, small and gent,
As euer b^e on the grounde went,
For so shold it be.
A By a danke as I lay, I lay,
Musinge on things past, hey hoto.
A Tom a lin and his wife, and his wiues mother
They went ouer a brydge all thre together,
The brydge was broken and they fell in,
The Deuill go with all quoth Tom a lin.
A Martin swart and his man, sodledum sodledum,
Martin swart and his man sodledum bell.
A Com ouer the Boorne Besse,
O little pretie Besse,
Com ouer the Boorne besse to me.
A The white Dove sat on the Castell wall.
I bend my Bow and shoote her I shall,
I put hir in my Gloue both fethers and all.
I layd my Bowle vpon the shelve,
If you will any moze sing it your selfe;

Discipline. O Lorde are you not ashamed,
Thus vaine the time to spende,
Your friends by you are defamed;

I would

A newv Commedie, called

I would haue you this geare to amend;
What, to a good age now you grow,
It is time childishnesse to forsake,
I would finde somewhat to do I trowe,
And not like a foole such a noyse to make,
Goyng by and dowayne like a witlesse Boy,
Singing and bellowing like a dawwe,
If you will not amend this toy,
We will bring you to an other awe.

Moros. I haue Twentie mo songs yet,
A fond woman to my Mother,
As I war wont in her lappe to sit,
She taught me these and many other,
I can sing a song of Robin Redbreast,
And my litle pretie Pightingale,
Where dwelleth a iolly Foster here by west,
Also I com to drink som of your Christmas ale
When I walke by my selfe alone,
It doth me good my songs to render,
Such pretie thinges would soone be gon,
If I should not sometime them remembze.

Discipline, Gaudet stultis Natura creandis.
Nature hath a pleasure Fooles to creat,
Vt maluis atque vrticis & vilibus herbis.
As Pallowes, Pettles and weedes of that rate,
Hi sunt obtuso ingenio crasso cerebro.
These are dull of wit and of a grosse braine,
Et nihili pendant animi bona depeci ludo.
And set at nought Vertue geuen to pastime vaine,
These verses I may on you beresie,
Except you will take an other way,
I would be glad your manners to rectifie,
If you wold heare what I will say,
For shame I say yet againe,
Forget your babish vanitie,
Folly and vice you must refraine,
And giue your selfe to humanitie,

The lenger thou liuest the more foole thou art.

Moros. I am good at scourging of my Toppe,
You would laugh to se me mose the pegge,
Upon my one foote pretely I can hoppe,
And daunce trimly about an Egge:
Also, when we play and hunt the for,
I outrun all the hopes in the schoole:
My mother gaue me a Boule of Wor;
Alone I am to handle such a foole
I can com softly behinde a Boye,
And giue him a blow and run away:
My mother teacheth me many a pretie toy,
You shall know what they be one day,
When to fight w my father thou doest purpose
Mucke him vpward by the heare still,
With thy knockles strike him on the nose,
Let him not goe till thou haue thy will.

Discipline. Quales quisque sibi natos eduxit habebit.
As one bringeth vp, his Children saith he,
So shall he haue them, wise or without wit,
Wherefore parents are to blame as here we see
But to you now I pray you tell,
Be these the best lessons of your Parents:

Moros. No sooth I can ring the Saunce Bell,
And fetch fier when they go to Pattins.

Discipline. Better it were to haue no education,
Then to be instructed in any part of Idolatry
For there is no part without abhominacion,
But all together full of sectes and heresie,

Moros. Nay I can moze the that, harke in your care
To call him knaue I go not behinde the doore
Be bold w my father and do not feare,
If thy mother anger thee, call hir whoze.

Discipline. Without doubt such lewde persons there are,
And this is the cause that so many euill men,
Now replenish the earth with sorow and care,
Not one good man is scarcely among ten,
Let this vngracious and foolish person,

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

Moros. I am good at scourging of my Toppe,
You would laugh to se me mose the pegge,
Upon my one foote pretely I can hoppe,
And daunce trimly about an Egge:
Also, when we play and hunt the for,
I outrun all the boyes in the schoole:
My mother gaue me a Boule of Wor;
Alone I am to handle such a foole
I can com softly behinde a Boye,
And giue him a blow and run away:
My mother teacheth me many a pretie toy,
You shall know what they be one day,
When to fight w my father thou doest purpose
Mucke him vpward by the heare still,
With thy knockles strike him on the nose,
Let him not goe till thou haue thy will.

Discipline. Quales quisque sibi natos eduxit habebit.
As one bringeth vp, his Children saith he,
So shall he haue them, wise or without wit,
Therefore parents are to blame as here we see
But to you now I pray you tell,
Be these the best lessons of your Parents:

Moros. So sooth I can ring the Dance Well,
And fetch fier when they go to Mattins.

Discipline. Better it were to haue no education,
Then to be instructed in any part of Idolatry
For there is no part without abomination,
But all together full of sectes and heresie,

Moros. Nay I can moze the that, harke in your care
To call him knaue I go not behinde the dooze
Be bold w my father and do not feare,
If thy mother anger thee, call hir whoze.

Discipline. Without doubt such leude persons there are,
And this is the cause that so many euill men,
Now replenish the earth with sorrow and care,
Not one good man is scarfly among ten,
Let this vngracious and foolish person,

A new Commedie, called

Be as an Image of such bringing by,
Like to be as unhappie a patron,
As euer dranke of any mans cup:
For the loue that we owe to mankind,
And chiefly vnto Christianitie,
We will proue to alter his minde,
And bring him to humanitie.

Pietie. All haile right honozable Discipline,
Well occupied euer moze I do you finde
Instructing one or other with doctrine,
According to your Naturall kinde:
Which is both comly manners to teach,
And also to minister correction:
If all men vnto your pzecepts would reach,
Soone should be dented all infection.

Discipline, Welcom Pietie, the doore of all vertue,
In you consisteth gods honour bertue and loue
Without the which no good thing can ensue,
As by the christian Poet we do proue:
Hoc sine Virtutis alias nihil est putato,
Without the worship of God omnipotent,
Which learned men properly call Pietie
Other Vertues be they neuer so excellent,
Are esteemed but as things of vilitie.

**Entre
Exercitatio** And as vertue, is no vertue without Pietie
So without the same, vice can not be eschued
Pietie is a trew honoz of Gods maiestie,
Wherewith christians should be endued,
God to worship, to loue, to feare, to praise,
His holy commaundements to obey:
To be occupied in his lawes nightes and dayes
This properly is called Pietie I say.

Moros. By my troth if you wil can me good thanks,
I will bring you to a prettie Wrens nest,
Merely I thinke it be a reu thanks,
She is white in the tails, and blacke in the breast.

Discipline. The longer thou liuest the more faulte thou

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

The more instruction, the lesse Sapience,
Grace will not enter into a foolish hart,
Iniquitie stoppeth out intelligence,
To you Pietie, and Exercitacion,
Of such folly, I haue admonished him:
But I can haue none other communication,
So vainly haue his parents nozished him.

Pictie. Thus the Christian Doct to wright was wont,
Without industry, all things moztall,
Naturæ inscinctu, sponte ruunt.
By very nature, vnto vice do fall:
But as we see by experience,
A barren field is made fat and firtle,
If men will adhibit their diligence,
And labour about it a while:
So though this yong felloiw, be foolish as yet,
With labour and diligent admonition,
He may in pzoesses of time, learne wit,
And be willing to take erudition.

Exercita. Vertue hath very hard entraunces,
But ready is the way vnto vice:
And there to fall we all, not by chaunces,
But willingly if we be not ware and wise.
Now wheras the Lads education,
Hath ben rude, foolish, fond, and baine,
Let vs giue him good infozmation,
And to pzoffit him let vs gladly take paine.
Discipline, do you still your indener:
To cause him perfectly to know Pietie,
That is: God to serue, to feare, to loue, to honour,
And his Parents to obey with humillitie.
Then you know: that I Exercitation,
According as I shall see his aptnes,
I will exercise him in good occupacion,
Wherby he shall eschew Idlenes.

Moros. In S. Nicolas Chambers ther is inough,
Or in Eastcheape, or at Saint Batherins,
There be good Woddings at the signe of the Plough,

B.

You

A new Commedie, called

Don neuer did eate better Sauerlinges.

Discipline. This folly is not his Innocency,
Which can in this wise, lewdly ouerthart,
But it is a malicious Insolentie,
Which proceedeth from a wicked hart.

Petrie. Com hither brother, com hither:
Your name to me you must disclose.

Discipline. His folly his master did consider,
And therfore called him nothing but Moros.

Petrie. Moros is a foole by interpretation
But wisdom goeth not all by the name,
He that is a foole in conuersation,
As a foole in deede we may him blame,
I know som that be named happy:
And som good, blessed, and fortunable,
Yet truly there be none moze vn lucky,
Whose moze wicked and vnprofitable,
And though Moros, a foole both signifie,
Yet you may be wise as I trust you will,
If you will sarue god as you ought dilligently,
He shall giue you wisdom, if you pray still.

Moros. I may tell you, my Father did like me well
I am the wisest child that euer he had,
Often times I haue herd him say or tell,
My boy Moros will proue a wise Lad.

Exercitation. If you can remember your fathers saying,
Why can you not remember good lessons as well;
You may not set your minde vpon playing,
But apply your selfe to Disciplines counsell.

Discipline. My counsell is that you feare God aboue all:
Pray vnto him to giue you Sapience,
Cease not vpon his holy name to call:
Be meke in spzite, fast and keepe abstinence,
His Ministers, Preistes and Preachers,
Such as rule the holy Church Catholique;
Obey I meane such as be true teachers,
Companie not with any Heretike.
An Heretike, him holy Doctors do call,

Which

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

Which erreth in Gods most sacred Scripture,
Which is blinde and seeth not his owne fall,
But maliciously doth in errour endure,
The greatest Heresie that euer was,
Hath the Pope and his adherentes published,
Yea the Heresie of Arius it doth passe,
For Christs and his benefites it hath extinguished,
Example by the wicked Masse satisfactorie,
Which to Christs death they make equiuolent,
For they call it a Sacrifice propiciatorie,
Which is an heresie most pestilent.
Agayne, praier to Sainctes that be dead,
Which is a great poynte of infidelitie,
For they forsake Christ which is the head
Who taught to worship in spite and veretie.

Exercitation. Can you recite wisely agayne,
Disciplines counsell and monition.

Moros. Can I: yea I trow I can and that playne,
If you suffer me without interruption,
First he said beare an od ende with an all,
Play now and then in thy masters absence:
Cease not a knave by his right name to call,
Much on the Spitte is past abstinence.

Discipline. Doe you here: what a patron this is,
Thinke you that he is not past grace.

Exercitation. Yet I say, he that hath wit to do this,
Shall turne to Vertue also in space.

Pietie. Com hither I pray the tell me but one thing,
How intendest thou to liue an other day.

Moros. How: truly make mery, daunce and sing,
Set rocke a whope, and play care away:

Pietie. Seeing that you haue none other respect,
But your life daies in folly to spende,
Discipline must you now and then correct,
That vnto wisdom you may your selfe bende.

Moros. Correct he: why shall I be beaten:
My father will not suffer that I trow.

Discipline. You begin to be scabbie and woyme eaten,

A newv Commedie, called

It is time halt vpon you to strow,
 Sirra, do you see what I haue here,
 The wise man willeth, an Asse to haue a scourge,
 You haue learned folly many a yeare,
 From the same now I must you purge:
 You that haue the wit to mocke and to scozne,
 What wit you haue to wisdom I will see,
 Vpon your sides this scourge shalbe woꝛne,
 Except you will speake rightly after me,
 I will loue and feare God aboue all.

Moros.	I will loue &c.
Lat after him	He might bouchsafe to giue me sapience.
Discipline.	He might bouchsafe &c.
Moros.	I shall not cease on his holy name to call.
Discipline.	I shall not cease &c.
Moros.	What he will open mine intelligence,
Discipline.	What he will &c.
Moros.	Well sayd.
Discipline.	Well sayd.
Moros.	Say the same verses alone together,
Discipline.	Like as you sayd them after me.
Moros.	Say the same verses alone together,
Discipline.	Like as you sayd them after me.
Pictie.	His meaning you do not consider,
Moros.	Alone you must say the verses as they be,
Discipline.	His meaning you do not consider,
Moros.	Alone you must say the verses as they be.
Exercitation.	You may say no more as he did say,
Moros.	He did but teach you your wordes wisely to frame
Discipline.	You may say no more as he did say,
Moros.	He did but teach you your wordes wisely to frame
Discipline.	With an vngracious foole we spend the day
Moros.	He turneth all to a mocke and a game.
Discipline.	With an vngracious foole we spend the day,
Moros.	He turneth all to a mocke and a game.
Discipline.	Iteration they say giueth intelligence,
Moros.	An other while I will proue you with my scourge.
Discipline.	Iteration they say giueth intelligence,

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

- Pietie. Another while I will proue you with my scourge,
This heady foolishnes and negligence,
With correction alway we must purge.
- Moros. This heady foolishnes, and negligence,
With correction alway we must purge.
- Exercitation. We will holde him while you do him beate,
Lay on Discipline, and do not spare.
- Moros. I trowe I shall make you all thre to sweate,
Com one for one, and for you all I doe not care.
Body of god, alas my arse, out, out no more,
Crie you mercie, a vengeaunce take you,
For Gods sake leane mine arse is sore
I will say as you will haue me say now.
- Discipline. Say thus.
Moros. Say thus.
Discipline. I will loue and feare God aboue all,
He might boughsafe to giue me Sapience;
I will not cease on his holy name to call,
That he may open mine intelligence.
- Pietie. Good sonne say these wordes and thinke y same
And we will teache you other good lessons moe.
- Moros. You haue put me out God giue you shame,
I wot not which way the Deuill they goe.
- Discipline. Repete them againe I will loue &c.
Moros. I will loue porridge when they be sod, Beef & al
For Botton good Saufe is Salte and Onnions,
Up vnto the hie dishe when my Dame they call,
While she openeth the Pie, I picke the Vinions.
- Pietie. Let vs loose no more labour about this foole
For the more he is taught the worse he is.
- Discipline. Holde him, and I will teache him a new schoole,
He can speake the right that can speake this,
- Moros. O beate me no more, I pray you hartly,
To make you to laugh I turned them this way,
Sometime I loue to talke and sing merely,
But I thinke no harme then by this day.
- Exercitation. In you let vs some towardnes see,
For to make you a man we do intend,

A new Commedie, called

**To laugh, to be mery, to singe, times there be,
But in such thinges now we haue no time to spende,**
Pietie. **Let vs heare how Discipline you do vnderstand,
The sentence that he hath taught you do you say.**

Moros. **That is best way I thinke to escape your hand**

But I trust to be euen with you one day:

I will loue and feare god aboue all,

He might vouchsafe to giue me Sapience,

I will not cease on his holy name to call,

That he may open mine Intelligence.

Discipline. **This is well if it be spoken with the hart,
Feare sometime causeth dissimulation.**

Moros. **I can not speake it I suppose without a harte,
After feare cometh alway consolation,**

Pietie. **I perceiue that you haue wit competentlie,**

If you would applie it vnto vertue,

We will instruct you sufficiently,

If our Doctrine you will humbly ensee

Exercitation. **By vs you shall haue this commoditie,**

In this life you shall be in reputation,

After this life you shall haue felicitie:

That is Joy in the heauenly habitation.

Discipline. **By sonne this order with you we will take,**

First I will comit you vnto Pietie,

Who the true seruant of God shall you make,

And teach you to honour his Maiestie,

Here let Moros betwene euery sentence say

Gay geare, good stufe, very well, finado,
with such mockish termes.

To lone him, to pray to him, day and night,

To knowe his sonne Iesus Christ,

Egualle with the Father in substance and might,

The holy Ghost the autho^r of loue and concord,

In him you shall see true Gods worde to heare,

Your dutie to the Ministers of the same,

Who the misteries of God in their harts do beare

To esteeme the sacraments eche one by name,

Pietie will teache you your dutie to kinges,

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

Forbidders and Deceiters, in their degree,
Unto whom you must be obedient in all thinges
Concerning the statutes and lawes of the Countrey,
It is Pietie your Parents to obey,
Yes your Prince and Countrey to defend,
The poore to comfort euer as you may,
For the truthe sake your bloud to spend.

Moros. Pay hoo there by God all things saue bloud,
He that breaketh my head I will breake him againe.

Pietie. Your vnderstanding in that is not good,
Such appetites you must alway refraine.

Exercitation. After that you are endued with Pietie,
In me you shall haue Exercitation,
To your owne and other mens vtilitie,
I meane a science or occupacion,
Which to learne do your diligence,
And being learned, do the same occupie,
And occupied by experience,
Seeke to exercise them busely.

Discipline. How say you will you dwell with Pietie,
And learne his instructions with a good will,

Moros. I thanke you for your good minde towards me,
I will neuer go from you but dwell with you still.

Pietie. First vnto you a testament heere I giue,
Wherein you shall learne what the will of Gods is
To pray vpon and to learne your Chyften beleue,
And to amend your manners that be amisse.

Moros. Gods santie, this is a goodlie Booke in deede,
Be there anye Saints in it and Pilcrowes,
A sir, I haue spied Chyftes Crosse me speede,
I may tell you I am past all my Crosse raiues,
I haue learned beyond the ten commaundementes,
Two yeares ago doubtlesse I was past grace,
I am in the middelt of Gods Judgements,

Pietie. I trust to be as wise as he with in that Gate.
I will haue all these hainge woordes to cease,

Moros. An other lease you must haue now truly.
Of good Pilke if you will giue me daily a melle

Pett

A newv Commedie, called

- Pietie.** You shall see I will wait vpon you dutie.
It is so that I may no longer tarre here,
I must go hence, come will you go with me?
- Moros.** Yea that I will, for here is litle good chere,
What good fare you haue I purpose to se.
- Discipline.** Looke that you doo your selve honestlie behaue,
For I purpose to se you euery day thaise,
Neither mockes nor gaudes shall your skinne saue,
I aduise you therefore to be honest and wise.
- Exercitatio.** In doing well, feare ye no punishment,
Be ruled by the counsell of Discipline,
Your owne follie will be your detrimēt,
If you from Pietie chaunce to decline.
- Moros.** I warrant you in paine of twentie shames,
I am wonne now, you shall se me verie honest,
But yer I go yet let me know your names,
Declare them I pray you at my request.
- Discipline.** You know that my name is Discipline,
- Moros.** Verie well, verie well Diricke Quintine,
You are maister Diricke Quintine.
- Pietie.** Ofttimes you haue heard me called Pietie,
- Moros.** Maister Pinenuttre, and maister Diricke Quintine
- Exercitatio.** I exercise men in good woorkes and Doctrin,
And therefore Exercitatio they call me.
- Moros.** Arse out of fashion, here is a mistification,
Diricke Quintine will gather Rodes of the Pinenuttre,
And beate mine arse till it be out of fashion,
With this deuise truly I can not agre.
- Discipline.** Why stand you murmuring there alone,
Giue eare vnto the woordes that to you be said.
- Pietie.** Come Moros, come good sonne, I must be gone,
To dwell with me, you neede not be afraide.
- Moros.** Afraide, no I will go with you to the woorlds ende,
I promise you to be true night and day,
For though neuer so much aboute me you do spend,
I will not beare the baloz of a pennie away.
- Pietie.** Wee haue taken a busie worke vpon vs,

Go before him and yet saye.

The longer thou liuest the more foolc thou art.

Discipline.

For al our wordes he is not the better one Hease,

Well a season with him take ye paine,

Wee will proue if we can do any good.

Moros.

Go out pletti
and Moros.
Exercitation.

With them if long you do here remaine,

I will go seeke a new Master by the roode

How thinke you, truly I am in dispaire

I feare that all our labour wil be lost,

He is not bent neither to abstinence nor praier,

I am aduised to bestow on him no moze cost.

Discipline.

Ip saque non multo est natura potentior vsu,

I like well that he is gorte with Dietie,

For conuersation with persons of vertue

Altereth nature sometime for a suertie :

Custom may all kinde of manners bying forth,

This to be true wee know by experientie,

But if he decay wee must take it at woorth,

At the least let vs doo our diligence.

Exercita.

Betweene
whites let
Moros put
in his head.

If he had been taken some what in season,

I woulde haue hoped in his amendement :

But folly hath so ouercharged his reason,

That he is past redress in my iudgement :

While a plant of a Tree is yonge and tender,

You may cause it to grow croked or right :

So a childe, while knowledge is but slender,

You may instruct whereto you will by night :

But after the Plante is growne to a tree,

No any bowinge it will not geue place :

So yonge folkes when to age growne they be,

Are stubborne and be of an indurate face ;

Agathe he is of a verie haughtie nature,

A witte, but to no goodnesse applied,

If he shalbe suffered to endure,

Such euill by him shalbe multiplied.

Discipline

Let vs se how he doth profit in Dietie,

If he goeth any thing forwarde therein :

Unto labour, vertue, and veritie,

I will hope him easely to winne,

For as I saide here a litle before,

A new Comedie, called

Who so doth God faithfully serue and feare,
And aboue all thinges him serue and honour,
He shall thine, go forward, and prospere.

Exercitation. I beleue that with Pietie he went,
From correction him selfe to winde,
For if he to any vertue be bente,
I am much deccaued truly in my minde:
Certaine persons I could rehearse by name,
Haue pretended a great perfection,
And why: to auoyde punishment and shame,
Due for their vitious infection:
As sum haue entred into religion,
Wherefore because they will not pay their det,
When they are persons of no good deuotion,
For vpon vanitie their harts are set.

Discipline. Go wee softly and herken for his fashion,
If with any lewdnesse I chaunce him to take,
I shall minister to him such correction,
As shall make his flesh tremble and quake.

Exercita. With Pietie, you are not like him to finde,
He did put in his head twice of thise,
He looketh for mates of an other kinde,
Wholy he is geuen to folly and vice.

Discipline. He is like to escape very narrowly,
If neither of vs catche him by the backe,
Except he be corrected thoroughly,
He will still vse his foolish knacke.

Here entreteth
Idlenesse.

Go out both.

Where the deuill is the harsen foole,
He bad me euen now come hither;
Doubtlesse he is gone agayne to schoole,
Euen very now wee weare together,
Truly they will make him a foole in deede;
Teache him good manners, teache my dogge,
When you see him in learning procede,
Then will I make a man of this logge:
What ho, where art thou Poros? what hor
Doubtlesse they take payne aboute a stone,
Doting fooles thinke to make Cozne to grow

Upon

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

Moros. Upon grauell, where earth there is none.
Crie with:
out the doore: Alas, alas nomoze, nomoze, nomoze,
making a
noyse of Somoze good Maister Diricke Quintine,
beating. Bodie of God you beate me so soze,
Idleness. I will forsake you and your doctrine.

So soze hardely let them not spare;
What doth the foole in suche companye,
That they would beate him on the buttockes bare,
So se that I would spend an halfe penny,
What holwe Moros come hether I say,
He will not tary longe I dare warrant,
He and I mete ever once in a day,

Here entresth
Incontinence. Little will he like to play the trewant.
What Idleness the parent of all vice,

Who thought to haue found the heare.
Idleness. When art thou neyther mannerly nor wise,
As by thy salutation doth appeare,
For if I of vice be the parent,
When thy parent I must needes be,
Thou art a vice by all mens consent,
Wherefore it is like that I begat thee.

Incontinence. My parent, then hang my parent,
No why? I am your fellow and mate,
Wherewith you may be well content,
For I am of no small estate:

Otium enim fomes vitiorum est otium mentem,
Ad multa mala trahunt otii comes ipsa libido est.

Idleness of vices is a prouocation,
So many evils Idleness draweth the minde,
Lust or lecherous inclination,
Is fellow to Idleness by kinde,
So I haue proued by authoritie,
That I am thy fellow as I sayde,
To be my parent it were temeritie,
Your argument here I haue sayd.

Idleness. They were thine owne wordes and not mine,
The parent of all vice thou diddest me call,

C.ii.

Then

A new Commedie, called

- Then it soloweth that I am thine,
For thou art the greatest vice of all,
The greatest mischeif that ever chaunced,
Cam by the meanes of inconstancie,
For where as thou art enhaunced,
There is all mischefe and insolencie.
- Here entreteth Wrath. Take rourne, stande backe in the Deulls name
Stand backe or I will lay thee on the face.
- Incontinence. Parie stande thou backe with a verie shame,
Is there not rourne inough in the place.
- Idlencesse. It is but a coppie of his countenaunce,
Wrath must declare his proper tie.
- Incontinence. He is as whot as a vengeance,
Stand backe and geue him libertie.
- Wrath. I had went it had been another,
I thought to haue geuen thee a blow,
In my rage I fauour not my brother,
The nature of Wrath full well you do know.
- Idlencesse. Wrath and Madnesse they say be all one,
Sauing that Madnesse doth still remaine;
But wrath in fooles will soone be gone,
Pea and as soone it wil come againe.
- Incontinence. To fooles not only incontinencie
Is annexed but wrath also furious,
The minde of fooles without clemencie,
Soone wareth hotte and is temerarious.
- Wrath. Speaking of fooles, it cometh to my remembrance,
I thought to haue founde Moros the foole here;
- Idlencesse. He goeth to schoole now with a vengeance,
He shalbe a Doctour the next yere.
- Wrath. To schoole, ha, ha, ha, as angrie as I am,
I must laugh to here of Moros such newes
- Idlencesse. I spake with him as hither I cam,
And willed him their schooling to refuse.
- Incontinence. They keepe him there still by violence,
But I know that with vs is his harte.
- Wrath. When they byinge Moros vnto Sapience,

Then

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

Idleness. When of my sworde I will make a Carte.
I suppose that he will not be longe hence,
If by any meanes he may escape.

Incontin. I dare wage with any man foztie pence,
To make him shortly as wise as an Ape.

Wrath. What wager with thee durst I lay,
To make him so wise thou art not able,
Foz he is as verie a foole I dare say,
And as starke an Idiot as euer bare bable.

Idleness. Yea but he shalbe a moze foole yet,
When all wee thzee be vnto him annered :
Foz the trueth is he hath now some wit,
But then all his wittes shalbe perplered,
With me he is very well acquainted,
Foz all his byinging by hath been with me,
So that any vertue he coulde neuer se :
Wherefore pastime he calleth me alway,
In plates and games he hath no measure,
Incontinencie to him thou must say,
That thy name is called pleasure.

Incontin. I am called so with them that be wise,
Wrath is wonte to be called manhode.

Wrath. In good faith litle needeth this deuise,
To be called by our names is as good :
Doth he know what Idleness doth meane,
Knoweth he incontinencie to be lecherie,
He discerneth not cleane from uncleane,
His minde is all set on foolerie.

Idleness. Se, se, woulde you iudge him a foole,
So sadly as he readeth on his booke.

Inconti. By like he cometh now from schoole,
On his lesson earnestly he doth looke.

Wrath. Haue you seene a moze foolish face,
I must laugh to se how he doth looke.

Idleness. Holde your peace a litle space,
And heare him reade vpon his booke.

Laugh all thre at his reading. Here entred Moros looking vpon a booke
and often times looke behinde him reade
as fondely as you can deuise.

A newv Commedie, called

- Moros. Body of God laugh you me to scozne,
I will tell Paister Diricke Quintine,
By these tenne bones I will, I haue swozne,
And he shall teache you to make tile pinne,
Take heede of arse out of fashion,
I advise you come not in his clawes,
I will tell them by Codess Passion,
How you iudge them fooles and dawes.
I would you were with pyenuttre,
He would make you a litle sadder,
You shall go vp to the gallow tree,
And come downe without a ladder,
- Wrath. You are well learned it doth appeare,
Can you any Lattin to vs speake.
- Moros. I can sing Custodi nos in the queere,
And a berse of course finely byoake.
- Incontinence. Hedde you Lattin, or Greeke, in your booke,
What was it I pray you let vs knowe.
- Moros. Here you may see if you will looke,
It was the cuckholes crosse rowe.
- Idlenessse. That crosse rowe let vs here I pray the,
And a point for thy labour thou shalt haue.
- Moros. I am but a learner you may see,
I can no further then I for a knave.
Codess santly pastime my playfellow,
For Codess sake kepe me from Diricke Quintine.
- Idlenessse. If my counsell thou wilt followe,
I will kepe the from him and from his doctine.
- Incontinence. He speaketh of one Diricke Quintine,
Pyenuttre and arse out of fashion,
Doth he not meane old Discipline,
Pietie and Exercitation,
- Idlenessse. Yes pardie, but so to speake he can not,
Tell him one thing twenty times,
And he will forget it by and by God wot,
Yet can he sing songes and make rymes.
- Wrath. What neede we to chaung our names for him,
For he discerneth not chafe from chalke,

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

- Be careth not who doth sincke or swimme,
So that in his owne wayes he may walke.
- Moros. Shall I speake with you pastime in your eate,
A word or two I would tell you of my mind,
Past pastime this same grimmer I do feare,
Trowe you that he will be my friend.
- Idleness. I warrant the all we be thy friendes here,
We come to ridde the out of thy foes bandes.
- Incontinence. Feare none of vs but be thou of god chere,
Bidde vs welcome and take vs by the handes.
- Moros. Bidde vs welcome and take vs by the handes,
Tak: them. Bidde vs welcome and take vs by the handes,
by the hand. Bidde vs welcome and take vs by the handes.
- Wrath. Gramercy Moros how do you.
- Idleness. You are welcome Master manhode say,
Moros. You are welcome Master Robinhode say,
Idleness. You shall cough me a sole I make God answere,
Moros. You shall cough me a sole I make God answere,
Incontinence. I can laugh well at him by this day,
Moros. I can laugh well at him by this day.
- Idleness. Come to me Moros what dost thou with this booke,
Thou canst not reade vpon it I am sure.
- Moros. Wyne muttre toke it me thereon to loke,
There are godly saintes in it sayre and pure.
- Wrath. Alas one worde to reade in it he is not able,
More soles then he to geue him a booke,
A sole will delight more in a bable,
And more mete for him theron to loke.
- Idleness. Loke what a booke I haue for thee here,
Haue a paier. Cast away that booke it is worse then nought.
of cardes. This booke will make the of a lussy chere,
redy. If thou wilt beare it alway in thy thought.
- Incontnen. Goddes dayes it is a godly booke in daide,
Moros. Sanky amen here are saintes a great sort,
The booke passeth Chyristes Crosse me spade,
Ha, ha, ha, to he, ha, ha, ha, here is goodly sport,
But let not Diricke Quintine this booke se,
He did sett me a lesson to can.

None

A new Commedie, called

Wrath.

None of them all shall meddle with thee,
Wee are come to make thee a man.

Idlenesse.

Make curtisie, and say I thanke you manhoode.

Moros.

Make curtisie, and say I thanke you Robin hoode,

Make curtisie backward

Goddess here is a goodly gentlewoman,
Here are speckes, some blacke, some redde as blood,
Teache me this booke I pray you perfectly to can.

Idlenesse.

If I will that thou wouldest be pretie and wise,
I would geue thee other thinges therewith to play,
Seest thou these bones : these are a paye of Dice,
I will teache thee to occupie them one day.

Moros.

You taught me first to play at blow pointe,
At spanne counter, coyting, and mosell the pegge,
At skayles, and the playing with a sheepes loynite,
And to hop a good way on my one legge :
How long was I learning of these playes,
I am apt inough such good thinges to take,
Do you no more but shew me the wayes,
And if I learne not let me lose the stake.

Idlenesse.

Looke what I haue done for thee beside,
Here haue I gotten thee companie,
Whether so euer thou wilt go or ride,
To defende thee from all villanie :
Lo, this gentleman is called pleasure,
He will teache thee to handle a wenche,
Peanes I will teache thee to get treasure,
For such thinges wee will make a Trencher.

Moros.

Sir is your name called play sure,
You are welcome, I thanke you hartly.

Incontinence.

Lust foole my name is called pleasure,
What is likinge, and lust bodily,
Foolles lone alway such dalliance,
To kisse, to clip, and in bed to play,
Oh, with lustie girles to singe and daunce,
To haue a more pleasant life no man may.

Moros.

O I meane what you know now,
Master Pastime hearke againe in your eare.

Idlenesse.

Lust, lust, I warrant thee, care not thou,

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

I will prouide for all such geare,
Lo, this is manhoode to make thee bolde,
Let there be but a worde and a blow.

Moros. I woulde looke bigge like a man, that I woulde
If my bearde woulde a litle more grow.

Wrath. Suffer no man with thee to reason,
For fooles can no wise answer make,
Therefore geue a blow alway in season,
Pass not thou how they do it take,
Like a man euer face out the mater,
Sticke not bloud, harte, and woundes to sweare,
But suffer no man with thee to clatter,
Anon let him haue a blow on the eare:
Beholde here I geue thee a good sworde
And a dagger thy selfe to defende,
Draw thy dagger at euery worde,
And say that thy bloud thou wilt spende.

Moros. Bolde (as he) I pray you keepe my booke,
These weapens haue set me on a fier:

Flozish with your sworde. How say you, like a man do I not looke,
To be fighting now is all my desire,
No remedie, with one of you I must fight,
Fende your heads, you fooles, knaues, and daves.

Idlenesse. He sheweth the nature of a foole right,
Which is to chide and fight without a cause.

Incontinen. It is a prouerbe wise and auncient,
Beware how you geue any edge tooke,
Vnto mad men that be insipient,
Vnto a ponge childe, and vnto a foole.

Wrath. He fighteth till he is out of breath,
Enough now Moros it is well doone.

Moros. By the Masse I will fight my selfe to death,
I pray you let not me leaue so soone.

Incontin. Sir, who am I, will you remember,
What did Pastime tell you in your eare.

Moros. A pretie morsell, ponge and tender,
Now would to God I were there.

Idlenesse. Thou must weare thy sworde by thy side,

D.

And

A newv Commedie, called

And thy daggar handsomly at thy backe,
 Befoze thou fightest thou must vse to chide,
 Marke what I say and learne of me that knacke:
 First this order with thee we will take,
 We will teache thee to play at cardes and dice,
 Aqueinted with Pell and Pan we will thee make,
 And to appeare, a man both mightie and wise,
 We will desire pleasure to take payne,
 To prouide vs an hansome hospitall,
 Where secretly we may together remayne,
 Till we haue fynished our deuises all.

Incontinence. Hearke is it best that there we meete,
 At that house such as we vse to banquette.

Moros. Nay I pray you let vs haue one sheete,
 For I can not well lye in a blankette.

Idleness. Tush the folc we speake of banquetting,
 We meane to eate, drinke, and make god chere,
 With Pegge and Wesse to be ruffling,
 Where as no pleasure shall be to bere.

Wrath. There are beddes, blanquets, and shetes god store,
 And the house of a gyllie neuer emptie,
 You shalbe sure of one or other euermore,
 Sometime you may haue your choysse of twenty.

Incontinence. You meane the thacked house by the water side,
 Which is whitlynted aboue in the lose.

Idleness. Pea pardee there thou shalt for vs prouide,
 An house it is for the nones if it come to the prouise.

Incontinence. I go hence tarry you not after long;
 For I will bidde myne hostesse make hast.

Moros. Befoze you go let vs haue a song,
 I can retche vp to sing sol fa and past.

Idleness. Thou hast songes god store sing one,
 And we three the sote will beare.

Moros. Let me stody it will come anone,
 Depe la, la, la, it is to hye there,
 So, ho, ho, and that is to lowe,
 Soll, soll, fa, fa, and that is to flatte,
 Re, re, re, by and by you shall knowe,

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

- Idleness. My, my, my, how saue you to that.
Care not for the true but what is thy song,
No remedie thou must first beginne.
- Incontinence. I will be gone if you tarry long,
When we knowe how we shall come in.
- Moros. I haue a pretty tytmouse,
Come picking on my to,
All. iiii. the same. Gettuppe with you I purpose,
To drinke before I go.
- Moros. A little pretty nightingale,
Among the bzaunches graene,
All. iiii. the same. Geue vs of your Christmaseale,
In the honour of saint Steuen.
- Moros. A Robyn readdest with his noates,
Singing a losse in the quere,
All. iiii. the same. Warneth to get you frese coates,
For winter then draweth nere.
- Moros. A Py bzigie lieth on the thelfe,
If you will haue any moze,
Go out Incontinence. Boughsate to sing it your selfe,
For here you haue all my stoare.
- wrath. A song much like thauthour of the same,
It hangeth together like fethers in the winde.
- Moros. This song learned I of my dame,
When she taught me mustardsede to grinde,
Goddes daies is playfure gone awaye,
I would haue spoken with him or euer he had
I am sozry for that by this day, (gone,
He should haue bozne me a token to Jone.
- Idleness. Thou shalt beare. iiii. quarters of a sole,
Perdy Jone will that best regard.
- Moros. Shall we go leape ouer the stole,
Or play for the hole about the Churchyeard,
I must be doing of somewhat alway,
My weapon oncs againe I must handle,
How my dagger will cut now I will assay,
Beware how with me they wandle,
Fend your heades, how like you this flourish,

A newv Commedie called

Nay I can fetch him ouer my head,
 This fetch amonge such as be foolish,
 I may tell you, will stande sometime in scade.
 Wrath. This felow fighteth very soze alone,
 God haue inercy on his soule he will kill,
 This furie will away anon,
 Namely when he is acquainted with gill.
 Idlenesse. Keepe thy fighting till discipline doth come,
 Then let me se how thou wilt play the man.
 Moros. Body of God stande away make rounge,
 I will surely hit him if I can,
 That my sworde were a mile longe,
 I would kill him then where as he dwelleth,
 He thinke I am wahren very stronge,
 Here entret. Se I pray you how my hart swelleth.
 Discipline. The longer thou liuest the moze foole thou art,
 A foole in childehood, a foole in vbolencie,
 In mans state thou wilt play a foolcs parte,
 And as a foole die with shame and infamie,
 Beate a foole in a mortar saith the wise man,
 And thou shalt not make him leaue his folly;
 I haue doone all that euer I can,
 And I se it profiteth not truly.
 Moros. Saue me I pray you Maister Robin hooode,
 This is Diricke Quintine my maister,
 He will fight as he were wood,
 For me he hath bzought ponder waster,
 I know Diricke Quintines intente,
 He will byringe me to Arse out of fashion,
 Where in woꝝke and labour I shall be pent,
 And I had leuer die by Gods passion.
 Wrath. Thy hozesun take thy sworde in thy hande,
 And at the gaynest vpon him lay.
 Idlenesse. Go to him like a man by thee I will stande,
 Not so hardie in his head one worde say.
 Moros. Sira, speake you I pray you Robin hooode,
 Take you my sworde and drine him hence.
 Wrath. What hozesun I tell thee my name is manhood,
 I had

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

- Discipline. I had leuer haue spentie fortie pence.
Animi vilis timor Argumentum est,
Feare of a vile minde is an argument,
Conscience accuseth the foolish beast,
That he hath forsaken wholesome document.
- Moros. I shall haue a bearde I trow one day,
Then shall I be a man stronge and bolde,
If my bearde were growne to you I may say,
I woulde pay him home, by God that I woulde.
- Wrath. Take thy sword in thyne hande and say,
I desie thee I olde ruslie pesant.
- Moros. Take thy sword in thine hande and say,
I desie thee, I olde thurtrie wesant.
- Wrath. Aboyde, trudge, and get thee away,
O by his hart I will cut thy wesant.
- Moros. A cloyde grudge but not deny,
O by his carte I will plucke a Fesant.
- Idleness. Why it is true that of thee he sayde,
The longer thou liuest the moze foole thou art.
- Moros. Wodie of God of him I am so afraide,
That at every worde I am like to farte.
- Wrath. The foole as yet is ponge and nesh,
And the feare of Discipline is in his minde,
After that he is noseled in womans flesh,
The Anate he will play in his kinde.
- Idleness. It is euen so, a boy is neuer bolde,
Till he hath companied with an hooze,
Then doth he picke quarels, chide and scolde,
After that he despiseth both riche and pooze.
Cum pleasure hath all thinges prouided,
Let vs no longer tarie here,
He will thinke that wee haue him derided,
Go we, let vs see his prouision and there.
- Moros. I wilbe sure to be gone first,
I am out of your handes Diricke Quintine,
Now do thou thy best and thy worst,
I desie both thee and all thy Doctrine. Go out alij.
- Discipline. Marke the trade of much youth at this day,

A new Commedie, called

He if this foole painteth not out theyr image,
 Whem they despise that eyther do or say,
 Any thing at all to reſtraine there dotage,
 The foole and boy ſayth the Prophet Claye,
 Shall preſume againſt his ruler auncient,
 Young ſoules do this ſaying verifie,
 To wiſe men it is ouer euident,
 When ſoules are ſuffred in folly,
 And youth maintained in theyr will,
 When they come by to mans ſtate wholly,
 Fooleſt they be and ſo they continue ſtill:
 One witteth thus among many things,
 Neuer ſhall you haue good men and ſapient,
 When there be no good children and yonglinges,
 Which thing is moſt true in my iudgement:
 Two things deſtroye youth at this day,
 Indulgentia parentum, the fondnes of parents,
 Which will not correct there noughty way,
 But rather enbolden them in there entents,
 Idleneſſe alas Idleneſſe is an other,
 Who ſo paſſeth through England,
 To ſe the youth he would wonder,
 How Idle they be and how they ſtand,
 A Chriſtian mans hart it would pittie,
 To behold the euill bringing by of youth,
 God preſerue London that noble Citie,
 Where they haue taken a godly order for a truſh,
 God geue them the mindes the ſame to maintaine,
 For in the world is not a better order,
 If it may be Gods fauour ſtill to remaine,
 Many good men will be in that bozde. Go out.

Fortune.

No Gods mercy, no reuerence, no honour,
 No cappe of, no knæ bowed, no homage,
 Who am I: is there no more god manner,
 I trowe, you know not me, nor my lignage,
 I tell you I rule and gouerne all,
 I aduance and I plucke downe againe,
 Of him that of byrth is poze and ſmall,

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

As a noble man I can make to rayne,
I am she that may do all thinges,
In Heauen or earth who is like to me,
I make captiues of Lordes and Kinges,
Of captiues or soles I make Kinges to be,
No curtesy yet for all this power,
I tell you learned men call me a goddesse,
A beggar I make ritche in an hower,
No such as I loue, I geue god successe,
Who in this world can me withstand,
Who can say yea, where I say nay,
I chaunge all in the turning of a hand,
What so euer I will do it I may,
Haue I done nothing for any here,
Haue I not one louer nor friende,
None to welcome me with a mery chere,
Now by my trowth you be unkinde,
Well I may chaunce some to displease,
I purpose to dally and play a feate,
Which shall turne some to small ease,
A popish soles will I place in a wisemens seate,
By that you shall learne I trowe,
To do your dutie to a lady so bye,
He shall teach you fortune to knowe,
And to honour hye till you die.

Incontinen.

It is a world to see the soles greedines,
I haue nuseled him incarnalitie,
A man would marueell to see his redines,
Unto all fleshly sensualitie,
And these harlots are not to learne,
How to dally with a simple soles,
They may leade him with a thred of yearne,
Into the middest of a whyrle pole,
He prayed me hether to decline,
And loke diligentlie about,
He is afrayd of discipline,
And of exercitacion no doubt,
Perther of them both can I see,

I will

A newv Commedie, called

I will returne and beare him woꝝde,
A glad man then will Moros be
Foz them he feareth moze then the swoꝝd.

Semble a go-
yng out.

Fortune. Whether now syza are you blinde,
Am I so litle a moate that you cannot see,
I will plucke downe your hie minde,
And cause you I trow to know me.

Inconti. I crye you mercie ladie most excellent,
Without doubt I did not your honour beholde,
O Empeſſe, O Goddesse omnipotent,
I render you prayſes manifolde.

Fortune. Well at this time I holde you excused,
Glad to see you do your dutie so well,
If all other had them selues so bled,
It had been better foz them, to you I may tell,
I trow your name is incontincencie,
One of the properties of Moros

Incontincence. I see him geuen to insolencie,
And I further him in that purpose,
Lecherie is to fooles counaturall,
Wise men thereof are ever ware,
Foz they see that such bles bestiall,
Bringe men to infamie, shame and care.

Fortune. How vile so euer he be in condition,
How foolish so euer and insipient,
How full of pryde so euer and ambition :
How lecherous so euer and incontinent,
It is notwithstanding our pleasure,
To exalt him in honour and richesſe,
We will geue him laude, wealth, and treasure,
And in all thinges therewith good successe :
He loneth women I will giue him plentie,
He loneth gay rayment, meates and drinckes fine,
Of rayment he shall haue shiffes twentie,
Sotze of Wenisson, wildefoole, breade and wine,
Moros shall lacke nothing foz a season,
They shall see that Fortune can exalte fooles,
Who shall nurter men of wit and reason,

And

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

And make them glad to learne theyr scholes,
Seing that the bulgares will me not prayse,
For exalting god men and sapient,
I will gette me a name an other wayes,
That is by erecting foles insipient.

Incontinence. Pleaseth it you to geue me licence.
A fewe verses of a Poete to recite.

Fortune. I will gladly here the Poetes sentence,
Where as against me he doth not wittie.

Incontinence. Sed redeo ad stultos, quos quando extollit & alto,
Collocat in soleo, cupiens fortuna iocari,
O quod stultitiis tunc omnia plena videbis.

I come now to speake of foles againe,
With whom when it pleaseth Fortune to play,
She extolleth and maketh to rayne,
We and to them wise men to obey,
More than with how many follies shalt thou see,
All thinges filled and replenished,
Which to rehearse long it would be,
Yet of the Poete they be published,
Dishonestie, mightelie, triumpheth than,
Virtusque mouet contempta Cachinnum.
Vertue is mocked of euery man,
Then of hoozes and harlots there is no small soure,
Nothing but eating, drinking, and play,
Only voluptuousnes folish and filthy,
Encreaseth more and more day by day,
And hath the rule in Realme and Citie.

Fortune. And as the Poete writeth so shall it be,
With Poyos we will take such an order,
That all thinges which for his pleasure he shall see,
So let him commaund in euery border,
You know where Poyos we shall finde,
We commaund you to lead vs to the place,
And soasmuch as you occupie his minde,
So teach him to know our Noble grace,
For before that he doth againe appeare,
An other manner of person we will him make,

C. i.

¶

A newv Commedie, called

Pea, and we will cause all persons farre and neare,
As a worthe Gentleman him to take.

Incontinencie. If it will please your grace to walke,
I will bringe you where as Moros is.

Fortune. Cum wayt vpon me, by the way we will talke,
Thou shalt se wonders after this. Go out both.

Pietie. I am come hither now to complayne,
Not only to se this foole thus to miscarie,
Which vertuous Discipline doth disdayne,
And to honestie is contrarie,
But also of a great multitude,
Which despise God and his Councell,
As though there were no beatitude,
No torments for sinne with Deuilles in Hell,
I can say no more of Pietie,
Then I haue said a litle before,
Which is to serue Gods Majestie,
The same to loue, to feare, to honour,
But now alas what manners, what heauy times,
Pietie is utterly ertinguihed,
What contempt is there, what crimes,
More mischief then can be published,
And as Gods Majestie is despised,
So the loue among men doth abate,
Neuer was there greater hatred deuised,
Then is among men of euery estate,
What falshood, what desceit and guile,
What subtilties are of men inuented,
Who doth not his body with sinne defile,
Who is with his owne state contented,
I haue reede of many worldes and seasons,
Of so sinfull a world did I neuer read,
About mischief men occupie their reasons,
None other thing now a daies is in their head,
Yet God hath sent good people I darre say,
Which pray deuoutlie fast and abstaine,
And call vpon him night and day,
The wickednes of our times to restraime,

And

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

And I doubt not for his owne name sake,
He will subuert the workes of sinne,
Which he graunt shortly to slake,
And that vertue the victorie may winne.

Wrath. Ha, ha, ha, I must laugh to see Fortunes dalliance,
Lord how she hath this foole enhaunced,
The sporte is to see his countenance,
This wealth hath to him straungly chaunced,
But they say that foles are fortunable,
It appeareth to be the trew now indeade,
Fortune hath made a foole honozable,
And like moze in honour to procede,
Now am I sent Officers to seke,
Impietie, Crueltie, and Ignorance.
I must trudge about all this weeke,
Not a litle vnto my hinderance.

Pietie. Such a Master, such seruants in deade,
What a plague is it euermoze,
When vertuous men haue euell spede,
And foles haue ease, wealth and honour,
Haue we not had manifest probation,
Haue not men of God beene put to silence,
And such foles in whom was no god disputation,
But altogether with Crueltie gaue they sentence.

Wrath. Thou art one of them for whom I seke,
Not for thy honour, but for thy decay,
I haue commaundment to choppe thee as a lecke,
If thou wilt not get thee away,
Wherefore be ruled by my Councell,
Cum no moze into Wozes Companie,
For both with shame he will expell,
And put thee also to vilanie.

Pietie. Better it is to meete a she Beare,
When she is robbed of her whelpes,
When with a foole that rule doth beare,
For nother reason nor learning will be his helpes.

Wrath. No moe wordes but get thee away at once,
I am Wrath sone kindled and set on fire,

C.ii.

Speake

A newv Commedie, called

Speake one worde and I will breake thy bones,
And tread the downe here in the myze,
Plea, I aduise thee, loe what wꝛath can do,
To wꝛath place to geue he is glad,
To foles many are glad to leane to,
For feare of theyꝝ rage when they are made,
Ponder cometh one that I seeke for,
I am deceiued, if it be not the same,
As he were blinde about he doth poze,
Ignorance I suppose is his name.

Ignorance. Is there any body here in this place,
I am sent for in all the haff I weene,
I am commaunded to come alway apace,
They will maruell where so long I haue beene,

Wrath. Whether should you go I pray you frend,
And who is it that for you did send.

Ignorance. Lady Fortune did tell me her minde,
And to speake with Pozos I do intend.

Wrath. To tarry here if you will take the paine,
Pozos will come hether anone:
Where impietie is I would know sayne,
And where I should speake with him alone.

Ignorance. Crudelitie, Impietie, and I,
Were coming all thꝛe together,
I thinke verily that they are passed by,
And gone euen the right way thether.

Wrath. What are theyꝝ names when they come there,

Ignorance. What do you call Impietie.
Philosophie his name his euery where,
Crudelitie, Prudence, and I Antiquitie.

Wrath. Very well I am glad of this in deede,
By reason hereof my Forne is at an ende,
I purpose no further to proceede,
To returne againe I do intende,
I will cause Pozos to make haff,
Antiquitie tarrieth for you, I will say.

Ignorance. Plea and though the time be somewhat pass,
Tell him that I did not well know the way,

Go out.
Wrath.

Ignorance

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

Ignorance. Ignorance yea Ignorance is my name,
A meete mate with soles to dwell,
A qualitie of an auncient fame,
And yet drowne I many one in hell,
The Papistes which the truth do know,
Lord how I haue nuseled them in my science.
I haue so taught them, that how so euer the wind blow,
They shall still encline to my sentence,
So that though they haue knowledge and cunning,
They are but Ignoraunt and soles,
After euery Heresie and Poperie, they are running,
And delight daily to learne at newe scholes,
Also many that do them selues abuse,
Some in that Iniquitie and some in this,
By Ignorance they do them selues excuse,
As though they know not that they did amisse,
When theyr conscience beare them recozd,
That theyr actes are wicked and euill,
Therefoze when they shall come befoze the Lord,
He shall condemne them with Satan the Dewill.

Moros.
Entre Gaily
disguised
and with a
foolish
beard.
A Sye, my beard is well growne,
I thought that I should be a man ones,
Yea a Gentleman, and so will I be knowne,
A man of honour both body and bones,
How say you my Councillours tell me,
Haue I not a Gentlemans countenance.

Impietie. A better face truly I did neuer se,
For a better legge in my remembraunce.

Cruelitie. If you had not bene comly and wise,
Fortune would not haue so fauored you:
You muste appeare to be straunge and nysle,
That will cause men humbly to holwe.

Ignorance. Goddes deintye, is this Pastre Moros.
A ppropze Gentleman by saint Anne,
To dwell with your maship I purpose,
And to do you the best seruice that I can.

Impietie. This is an other of your Councell,
Whose name is called Antiquitie:

A nevv Commedie , called

His wordes are trewer then the Gospell,
A person full of truth and fidelitie.

Moros. You are welcome gentle sanguinitie,
A Syz: is sanguinitie your name.

Crudelitie. He is called auncient antiquitie,
A person of god stocke and great fame.

Moros. Welcome againe then gentle tandiditie,
And you are welcome all thzee indæee.
Wild lousy boy Fippence and tandiditie,
How do you welcome all god speede.

Impietie. Forsoth I am called Philosophie,
Wudence is this mans name doubtlesse;
Antiquitie he is called verilie,
As here after we shall moze plainly expresse.

Moros. Wild lousy boy Fippence and tandiditie,
You are welcome, you come to wayte one me,

Ignorance. Pea and to serue you with all humilitie,
And to fulfill your requestes redy to be.

Impietie. Fortune appointed me to be gouernour,
Of your owne person you to direct:
And to conuince euery baine troubler,
Which shall presume your minde to infect.

Crudelitie. And me she appointed them to correat,
Which should do ought against your minde,
Pea and your pprofites and rents to collect,
And to seke narrowly where we may them finde.

Ignorance. I am ordeined alway to giue you warning,
Of exercitation in any science:
Lesse you hurt your wittes with learning,
And dull your vnderstanding and science.

Moros. Shall I tell you there was one pynuffre;
Who a while had me in his handling,
He was vp with God and holy diuintre,
But I was sone wery of his wandling,
And that curst hoozefon Diricke Quintine,
Would beate me shrewdly by Gods Passion,
He went about me to famish and pine;
Thzough one arle out of fashion.

I shall

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

I shall desire you pild lousy boy,
And you fippence and tandiditie,
Them to barmish and vtterly destroye,
For I feare their crudelitie.

Impietie. Feare: and you a man of nobilitie,
Remember that you are come to manhood.

Crudelitie. Hath not Fortune set you in authozitie,
With your owne hand let their hart bloode.

Moros. Body of God giue me my swoorde,
Hart, woundes, I will kill them by and by.
Armes and sides I haue spoken the woerde,
His bloud and bones they shall die,
Am I in authozitie do you say,
May I hang, burne, head and kill,
Let them be sure I will do what I may,
I will be knowne in authozitie that I will.

Impietie. Pietie, Discipline, and Exercitation,
Meane you not them I pray you.

Moros. They indeede haue put me to tribulation,
But I trow I will trouble them againe now.
Body of God am I in authozitie,
I will burne them, hang them, & boyle them,
As many as once professe pietie,
If I may knowe it I will turmoyle them.

Impietie. Of God indeede many of them talke,
And of the soule, and of Heauen and Hell,
But from you as soles let them walke,
They speake of a thing wherof they can not tell,
I am named Philosophie,
The knowledge of all thinges I do containe,
In me is Astronomie and Astrologie,
The truth of all thinges in me do remaine,
I can teach you Heauen to know,
Which they call a Sphericall figure,
More persight then any other hye or lowe,
Eternall forsooth in his owne nature,
Also how that the world was made,
In the middelt of the sayd Heauen,

A nevv Commedie , called

How v. sonnes deuide it in theyr trade,
Of the Sicles and Epicicles seuen,
Of mouing and quiet I can teache,
Of matter and forme I can tell goodly geare,
Such as go vp into pulpettes and preache,
Especially these newe felowes, to them geue no eare,
Pay then, wheras you haue authoritie,
Suffer them not in any wise to dwell,
Be bold to punish them with austeritie,
For it is but all Heresie that they do tell,
Godly doctrines I can teach you of nature,
And how it bringeth forth nothing perfightly,
Without Art this is a doctrine sure,
Also how the same worketh secretly,
How such as of God to you will talke,
Of Heauen, Hell, or of the soule,
From your presence bid them walke,
Pea though they alledge Christ and Poule,
Concerning those thinges I am appointed,
To bring you into the veritie,
Endeuer your selfe to be acquainted,
With your Noble Counceller Antiquitie
From time to time euermore still,
He shall in your companie remaine,
Prudence shall get in, poll and pill,
For euermore seeke for your gayne.

Moros.

You are a cunning person I see that,
Would to God you had a better name,
Wild lousy boy, fye that is to flatte,
And to call you Fippence it is a shame.

Ignorance.

His name I tell you is Philosophie,
In whom is contained all science,
Antiquitie is my name verilye,
And this person is called Prudence.

Moros.

Gods blessinge on your harts all
I shall remember your names I trowe:
By seruants by theyr names I will call,
If my beard a litle longer would growe.

I doubt

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

I doubt not but as you grow in age,
So you will encrease in sapience:
You shall neuer want a witty page,
To sharpen your intelligence.

Ignorance. With all your affaires let vs alone,
Geue you your minde to pleasure,
Eate, drinke, dally and play with Ione,
We will maintaine your state with treasure,
Sum will moue you to reade Scripture,
Sum would haue you seen in Stoicks,
Sum to feates of armes will you allure,
All these are but plaine vaine glories,
May I woud haue you seene in cardes and dise,
As you shalbe I trow with in a while,
We trust to make you in them so wise,
That none shalbe able you to begile.

Cruelitie. You must set your selfe forth with the best,
You must learne to haue a diuerse countenance,
Frowning when a thing you shall detest,
Pleasant when ought is for your furtherance,
So, so, that is well when you are angrie,
Metely well so when you are pleased,
A smiling countenance you must carie,
When your conceit is in all thinges eased.

Impietie. By my trowth wot you like whom he doth looke,
He is as like a cosin of mine as euer I did see.

Cruelitie. That he is like him in face you may sweare on a booke
And also his conditions with his, do well agree,
As touching all godlines a soile he was,
But in filthy demeanour who was worse,
Out of doubt in sinne he did so excell and passe,
That the whole countrie for him God did curse.

Ignorance. Leauie I pray you Sirs what needeth this clatter,
You talke sir me thinke you wot not what;
I pray you go forward with our matter,
If you know any waies for our masters profit speake

Cruelitie. To prouide thinges to come by Policie, (that.
I will worke vnder such a pretence,

I

That

A newv Commedie , called

That all thinges shall appeare honestlie,
And for that cause am I named Prudence,
Againe in prouiding your necessaries,
I will in such a sort canuas the lawe,
That such as be your aduersaries,
Shalbe brought to Tium and awe.

Mores.

O who hath such seruants as I haue,
So learned, so wise, in Hall and in Schole,
Among them all, there is not one knaue,
So that it skilleth not though I be a sole:
Would to God I had my seruants together,
Pastime, Pleasure, and Robinhode,
I pray you take paine to call them better,
To haue them wait vpon me it should do me good.

Impictie.

You know the names of all your seruants,
It may please you them here to recite,
We must also know the names of your tenants,
That in your bookes of accomptes we may them write.

Mores.

Wilt lousy boy you are the best,
None of them better then you none so good,
Fippence and Landiuitie be nerte,
Pastime, Pleasure, and Robinhode,
Here be six honest persons indeede,
By saint Malkin it is an honest traine,
You shall haue all one liuery and waide,
For you all intend my profit and gaine.

Gracie.

To the draper I will go and bye cloth,
And aray all your seruants in a liuery:
To wait on you otherwise I would be loth,
That wil be Gentlemanlike verily.

Impictie.

The great affaires I do consider,
That Prudence in other thinges must haue,
It is best therfore that wee go together,
So shall we be sure money to saue,
And here we leaue auncient Antiquitie,
A person that no bad Councell will geue,
He is prudent and full of sagacitie,
His counsell se that you do beleue.

I haue

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

- Moros.** I haue seruants that finely can sing,
Let me here I pray you, what you can do,
Singing and playing I loue aboue all thing,
Let me here you, I pray you, go to.
- Ignorance.** I am old and my voice is rustie,
Yet I will sing to do you pleasure.
- Moros.** We will haue drinke if you be thurstie,
For I loue to drinke without measure.
- Ignorance.** You must beginne for I can not kill,
Yet I will iumble on as well as I can,
- Crueltie.** We are indifferent, sing what ye will,
We were brought vp with a singing man.
- Impietie.** We take our leaue of you for this season,
Sing some
merp song. In time we shall wayte on you againe.
- Crueltie.** To haue a time it standeth with reason,
In order to set among your traine.
- Moros.** In my house you will appoint me Officers,
Such as shall bring in to make frolicke chere,
But those that of Discipline and Pietie are folowers,
I would haue rooted out both farre and nere,
Fare ye well :as soone as you can returne,
For I can do nothing without your counsell.
- Impietie.** He that speaketh one word against you, we wil borne
Hang oʒ heade him like a rebell. Ga out both.
- Moros.** Hea mary say this doth me good at the hart,
Fare ye well, worthy to serue a Gentleman.
- Ignorance.** I tell you they were not brought vp at the Cart,
Full worshipfully their curtesey they can:
Now say, tell me how feele you your stomacke,
Are you disposed to play, eate, oʒ drinke,
Tell me if there be any thing that you lacke,
Denise what ye wil, and in minde do ye thinke,
You shall haue it what so euer it doth cost,
We will neither passe of wind noʒ wether.
- Moros.** By my trowth the thing that I desire most,
Is in my cappe to haue a goodly feather.
- Ignorance.** A feather: a matter of great impoʒtaunce,
You shal haue a feather if it cost a pounce

A new Commedie, called

Looke by lustellie, vñe a gentlemans countenance,
And a feather I trowe for you shall be found.

Moros.

A feather would make me looke a loff,
Hanc you one: what a redde one?
Now I thanke you, it is goodly sofft,
This will make me a Gentleman alone,
Make it fast I pray you in my cappe,
Now by my honour I thanke you hartellie,
This will beare away a good rappe,
As good as a sallet for me verillie,
I looke bpward now alwaie still,
Goddess daies my feather I can not see,
Of this feather I can no skill,
Weshew thy hart, I haue hurt my knée.

I looke bp-
ward to see
the feather.
Scumble
and fall.

Like the Philosopher that looked so hie,
So long that he fell into the myze,
Also an other that gased so into the skie,
Will he fel grouelinges in the fire,
For a gentleman to looke hie it is meete,
But in all thinges there is a meane,
It becommeth you to take heede to your sete,
Lesse you make your garments soule and vncleane.

Moros.

A vengeance take this foolish feather,
While it is there I can not looke downe.

Ignorance.

Fie, fie, you should haue said so rather,
Looke here how vnseemellie, you weare your geare,
See, See, it hangeth all on the one side,
And your sword is betwene your legges,
Wise men will you mocke and deride,
And not set by you a coupple of egges,
Let me helpe you to set your golwne right,
On this fascion your sword you must weare,
A lacke, a lacke, if I had a good sight,
I would trim you in your geare.

Moros.

Must I not looke ouer my shoulder sometime,
I haue sene some that thus would iettc.

Ignorance.

To be equall with the best do you cline,

Remember

The longer thou livest the more foole thou art.

Heere entreceth
Discipline.

Remember still that in honour you are set,

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

Euery day more foole then other,

Thou wilt play such a foolish part,

As shall shame countrey, father and mother,

Good audience, note this foles proceeding,

In tendre age, in Idleness he was nuseled,

In adolencie when Pubes was springing,

Touching vertue, as a dogge that is nuseled,

All willing to learne and therfore bnapt,

All his senses he applied to vice,

Anone with such companions he was wapt,

As no yong man will be that is wise,

Neuer could I bring him to Pietie,

That is God to serue, to loue, to feare,

Neither to do ought for his owne vtilitie,

Neither reuerence in his hart to beare,

But as foles all are vnpatient,

So was he geuen to hastines and yre,

In lecherie as foles be all incontinent,

Through Idleness he was set on fire,

When to mans state ouer he attained,

Worldly Fortune in wealth erect,

God and good Counsell he did dained,

Being then with all miserie infecte,

Now is he come vnto plaine Impietie,

Which perswadeth him God to denie,

And with him is ioyned Cruelitie,

Against the innocents to replie,

Behold here he is ledde with Ignorance,

So that he will not beleue the veritie,

Beside these he hath other maintenance,

To vpholde him in his iniquitie,

Of such the Prophete did prophete,

The fole saith in his hart there is no god,

Corrupt are they and full of villanie,

Therfore shall they be beate with an yron rodde.

Maros.

Can you tell of whom this tale they haue told,

J. iii.

I am

A newv Commedie, called

I am a man he knoweth me not now.

Ignorance. Tush, face him out, feare not. be bold,
For all this talke he hath of you.

Moros. Syza, shall I drawe my sword or daggar,
It is not best to kill him out of hand.

Ignorance. Tush you are but a craking baggar,
I would se you boldly him to withstand.

Moros. Would to God that pild lousy boy were here,
God Lord what meaneth my man Robinhode.

Ignorance. Are you asfayde for very shame draw nere,
I would let out sum of his sawtie blood.

Moros. God man you, know you who I am,
My beard is growne I am a man now,
You shall repent that hether you came,
I will kill you I make God auow,
A vengeaunce on it, my daggar will not out,
Syza I pray you how my hand doth quake,
Kaye on mee you beggarly loutc,
You and I asfay will make,
Am I not a Gentleman knaue,
Body of God will you presume,
Truly Landiditie no power I haue,
So great is my angre and fume.

Discipline. A sole uttereth his angre in hast,
And hath not the wit measure to keepe,
Where much angre is, strength is past,
And wisdom is drowned in folly deepe,
As fayer legges to a cripple are vnseemlie,
So to a sole honoꝝ is vndercent:
As snow in haruest is vntimelie,
So is it a plague where a sole is regent,
What should a sole do with money or treasure,
Seing that Sapience he can not bye,
In voluptuousnes he walloweth without measure,
As a beastly swine doth in his filthie sty.

Moros. Body of God for angre I am like to die,
Where is Robinhode and pild lousy boy,
Callest thou me sole, I utterlie thee despise,

Thee

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

Ther and all thine, this sword shall utterlie destroye,
Plucke out my sword good Tandiditie,
Passion of God, kill him downe right.

Ignorance. He should not long liue in tranquillitie,
If I had my persight senses and sight,
But be you ruled by my Councell,
For this time let vs depart and geue place,
We shall send them hether that shall him compell,
To holde his peace, yea, spite of his face.

Moros. Content, content, we will go hence in daede,
We will send to you ere it be long,
Alas where be my seruants in time of neede,
This tough hozelun for me is to stronge. Go out both.

Discipline. As scripture calleth this the best sapience,
God to know, to feare, to loue, and obey,
And the most pure and high intelligence,
Is to follovy his pzecepts night and day,
So God to contempne, to despise, to hate,
Is such a folly as none is more extreme,
This is the most miserable state,
Yea, no state at all as wise men doe esteeme,
When a soles is compassed with Impietie,
Which is the contempt of God and his ordinaunces,
And such a sole created to authozitie,
The people must needes sustaine many greuaunces.
For there God can not be duly honozed,
His holy Sacraments had in estimation,
Neither the publique weale rightly gouerned,
But all commeth to utter dissipation,
If we should say all that might be said,
Of soles in their extreme folly,
How Goddes people by them haue decayed,
Two daies would not serue I thinke truly. Go out.

Here entreteth
People.

Intollerabilis nil est quam diues avarus,
Quam stultus locuples, quam Fortunatus iniquus.

There is nothing more intollerable,
Then a rich man that is couetouse,
A sole wealthy, a wicked man fortunable,

A Judge

A newv Commedie , called

A Judge perciall, an old man lecherous,
Good Lord how are we now molested,
The deuill hath sent one into our countrie,
A monstre whom God and man hath detested,
A soile that came up from a lowe degre,
My name is people, for I represent
All the people where Moros doth dwell,
Such a person as is with nothing content,
So that we thinke him to be a deuill of hell,
Neyther learning, wis dom nor reason
Will serue where he taketh opinion,
His wordes and actes be al out of season,
By honest men he setteth not an Dynion,
And as he is such is his familie,
Not one honest person, among them I do knowe,
Ruffians, vilaynes, swerers, full of blasphemie,
Despylers of all honest men, both hye and lowe,
A whole Alphabete of his officers
I can recyte though it be not in ordre,
A rable of Ropsterly ruffelers,
Which trouble al honest men in our borders,
As for Impietie, Crueltie, and Ignorance,
Are cheif of his counsell verily,
Idlenes, wyath, and lecherous dalliance,
Are they which in youth kept him company,
Syz Anthony Arrogant Auditour,
Bartilmeu byrboz, Bayly,
Clement Catchpole, Cofferer,
Diuisson double faced daue,
Comund enuiouse chiefe of the Caluery,
Fabian falshode his head farmer,
Gregory gozbelv the goutie,
Gouerneth the grayne in the garner,
Daunce Haserder the horsekeeper is,
James the iust is the cheife Judge,
Leonard Lecherqus is man of law, I wote,
Benolme the knaue is in cokery no dout,
Martin the murtherer maister of moutche,

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

Picoll neuer thrist, the potary,
Owen ouerwhart, Master in Whiske,
Quintine the quaffer, for nothing necessary,
Rafe Russian, the rude raylour,
Steuven sturdy Master Surnayer,
Thomas the thiefe, his chiefe tallour,
William witlesse, the great warrior,
With these and such like many moe,
We in his circuit be oppressed,
For remedie wee wot not whether to goe,
To haue our calamitie redressed,
Vnto God only wee referre our cause,
Humbly we commit all to his iudgment,
We haue offended him and his holy lawes,
Wherefore are wee worthy of this punishment.

Go out.

Moros.

Entre first
cloutely with
a gray
beard.

A here is he, blood, sides, hart and woundes,
A man I am now, euery inch of me,
I shall teach the knaue, to kepe his boundes,
What his prattling will profit I will see,
With me to come I would not suffer one,
Pet, seruants I haue and that plentie,
I my selfe, I trow am good inough alone,
Pea, by the Masse if there were twentie,
Make no moze a do but send thy heade,
Haue at thee, thou shalt know that I am a man,
I will make the that thou shalt eat no moze bycade,
Rape no moze at Master Moros than,
What there, eyther I haue him slaine,
Or elles from my sight he is fledde,
He is neuer like to trouble me againe,
I warrrent him I haue brought him in bedde.

Fight alone:

Entre with
a terrible
visure.

Gods iudgment

The longer thou liuest, the moze foole thou art,
This to the hath ben often recited,
For so much as thou hast playd, such a soles part,
As a sole thou shalt be iustly requited,
I represent Gods seuerer iudgement,
Which dallieth not where to strike he doth purpose,
Whether am I sent to the punishment,

A new Commedie, called

Of this impious soile here called Moros,
Who hath sayd there is no God in his hart,
His holy lawes, he had stoutly blasphemed,
Godly Discipline could neuer his mind conuart,
Vertue nor honestie are not of him esteemed.

Moros.

A Pestilence take them hoyselun-knaues,
They are euer absent when I haue neede,
Hoyselunnes bring your clubbes, billes, bowes, & stauces,
I see that it is time now to take harts.

Gods Iudgmēt

According vnto his most wicked beleue,
So with his neighbours wickedly he dealeth,
From the poore he doth take and nothing doth geue,
He oppresseth, byeth, defraudeth, and stealeth,
If he beleued God, god woordes to rewarde,
And Deuilles wickednes to punish in fire,
His promises and threatnes he would moze regard,
Do penance and for mercy desire,
But such soles in their harts do say,
That there is no God, neyther Heauen, nor Hell,
According to their saying they follow that way,
Like as a litle before I did tell,
For as much as vengeance to God doth belong,
And hee will the same recompence,
That he is a God of power, mightie and strong,
The soles shall know by experience,
With this sword of vengeance I strike thee,
Thy wicked Household shall be dispersed,
Thy children shall be rooted out to the fourth degree,
Like as the mouth of God hath reherfed.

Strike
Moros, and
let him fall
downe.

Moros.

Either I haue the falling sickenes,
Or elles with the Palsey I am stricken:
I feele in my selfe no manner of quickenes,
I beginne now straungly to sicken.

Gods Iudgmēt

If thou hast grace for mercy now call,
Yet thy soule perchance thou maist saue:
For his mercy is aboue his woordes all,
On penitent sinners he is wont mercy to haue.

Moros.

It was but a qualme came ouer my hart,

I lacke

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

I lacke nothing but a cuppe of good Wine.

Gods Iudgmēt: Indurate wretches can not conuert,
Entre Con- But die in their filthines like swine.
fusion with Behold here cometh shame and Confusion,
an ill fauou- The reward of such wicked fooles all:
red visage, & To all the world shall appeare thy abusion,
all thinges Thy wickednes, and false beleue to great and small.
beside ill Here is an ill fauoured knaue by the Masse,
fauoured.

Moros. Get the hence these with a wanion.

Gods Iudgmēt: This is the reward of such a foolish Ass,
For euermore he shalbe thy companion.
Confusion. The wise shall haue honour in possession,
Thus the wise King Salomon doth say:
But the portion of fooles is Confusion,
Which abideth with them for euer and aye.

Gods Iudgmēt: Confusion spoyle him of his aray,
Geeue him his fooles coate for him due:
His chayne and his staffe take thou away,
In sorrow and care for euer let him rue.

Moros. Am I a sleepe, in a dreme, or in a traunce,
Euer me thinke that I should be waking:
Body of God this is a wonderfull chaunce,
I can not stand on my feete for quaking.

Confusion. As the eares of an Ass appeared in Bidas,
Though it were long er it were knowne,
So at length euermore it cometh to passe,
That the folly of fooles is openlie blowne,
And then in this world they haue confusion,
That is reprove, derision, and open shame,
And when they haue ended all their abusion,
They leaue, behind them an abhominable name,
Come foolish Moros, come go with me,
And I shall bring thee to a shamefull ende,
Thy malice will not let the, thy folly to see,
So that thou hast not the grace, thy life to amend.

Moros. Sancti, Amen, where is my godly geare,
I see well that I was a sleepe in dreme,
What am I faine a fooles coate to weare,

A newv Commedie , called

We must learne at Chzist crosse me speede,
Other I was a Gentleman and had seruauntes,
Or els I dreamed that I was a Gentleman.

Confusion. But thou art now a peasant of al peantes,
A derision and mocke to Man and Woman,
Cum forth of thy folly to receiue thy hyze,
Confusion, pouertye, sickenes, and punishment,
And after this life eternall fyze,
Due for soles that be impenitent.

Moros. Go with thee ill fauoured knaue,
I had leuer thou wert hanged by the necke,
If it please the Deuill me to haue,
Let him carry me away on his backe.

Confusion. I will carry thee to the Deuill in dæde,
The world shalbe well ridde of a sole.

Moros. A dew to the Deuill God send vs god speede,
An other while with the Deuill I must go to schole.

Gods Iudgmēt. For sinne though God suffreth Impietie,
Greatly to the dishonour of his name,
Yet at length he thzoweth downe Iniquitie,
And putteth the Authours therof to shame,
So confounded he tyzantes in times past,
Whom holy Scripture soles doth call,
For as beastes here their times they did wast,
And from our wickednes to an other did fall,
What shall we nede their names to recite,
Seing that euery man hath of them heard,
In our times we haue knowne soles full of spite,
And in this world haue sene their reward,
We do not only them soles call here,
Which haue not the persight vse of reason,
Innocents wherof be many farre and nere,
In whom discretion is geason,
But those are the greatest soles properly,
Which disdaine to learne sapience,
To speake, to do, to worke, all thinges orderly,
And as God hath giuen intelligence,
But contrarie to nature and Gods will,

They

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

They stoppe their eyes through wilfull Ignorance,
They seke to flea, to prison, to pole, to pill,
Only for their owne furtherance,
Of all foles in dede this is the worst kinde,
Wherof this time we haue treated,
Which to all mischief geueth his minde,
And refuseth to be instructed,
Many thinges moe of foles we could talke,
But we haue detained long our audience,
An other way I am compelled to walke,
Desiring you a while to haue patience.

Entre all.iii.
Exercitation.

Go out.

Although this sole of whom we haue spoken,
Hath refused all honest exercise,
Yet the harts of wisemen God doth open,
Vertuose occupation not to despise,
For vndoubtedly it is as hard as they say,
To get the scepter out of the hand of Hercules,
As for one to be well occupied night or day,
That is nuseled in vnhappy Idlenes,
For as Theophilactus doth write,
Idlenes hath taught all iniquitie,
And as Ezechiel also doth recite,
Idlenes taught the Sodomites impietie,
Never will I beleue that man good to be,
Whether he be of the Clergie or Lay,
Whom Idle and not well occupied I see,
Which do nothing but eate, drinke, and play.

Pietie.

We desire no man here to be offended,
In that we vse this terme Pietie,
Which is despised and vily pended,
Of sinners and Authours of Iniquitie,
For the Heathen Philosophers and Oratours,
Vsed the same terme and in the same sence,
Learned Christians true worshippers,
Created of Pietie with his science,
Plato, Aristotle, Valerius, and Tully,
Wrote of Pietie and diuerse other,
And called it an honour due to God only,

A.iii.

And

A new Commedie, called

And a naturall dutie to father and Mother,
Saint Augultine in his booke of Gods citie,
And in other Noble woꝝks that he did make,
Treateth holily of this terme Pietie,
And as he doth take it, so do we it take,
Ipsa est illa sapientia quæ Pietas vocatur,
Qua colitur Pater luminum

A quo est omne datum optimum.
What is the hiest sayience notified,
Which is called Pietie in dede,
Wherby the Father of light is worshipped,
From whom euery good gift doth procede.

Discipline.

Touching my person called Discipline,
In the proesse, I haue said sufficient,
Yet to ende with some honest doctrine,
You shall here a learned mans iudgement,
There be many Disciplines as Authours do say,
Among all, there be two principall,
That be Scire & Sapere alway,
To haue cunning and wisdom withall.

Exercitation.

Vt fluuiosus habens gladium, sic doctus iniquus.
Without faile this is a notable verse,
I would all men could it well by rote,
The sentence therof Salomon doth rcherse,
I wishe all the audience it to noate,
A wicked man hauing learning and cunning,
And both many sciences vnderstand,
Is like one whose wittes are running,
I meane a madde man hauing a sword in his hand.

Pietie.

For a madde man hauing in his hand edge tole,
Seeketh both him selfe and other to kill,
So a cunning man without wisdom is but a sole,
For both him selfe and many other he doth spill,
Wherfore who so euer hath intelligence,
Let him humblie desire of God enermore,
That he will also geue him sapience,
To bestowe his cunning to his honour.

This

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

- Discipline. This is the sum of the hole intent,
To induce youth to these two aforesaide,
Scire & Sapere you know what is ment,
Then many thinges amisse shalbe well staide.
- Exercitation. To learne many thinges, and many thinges to know,
Then to haue wisdome the same to direct,
These be two Disciplines meete for hye and lowe,
Which to all vertues do the minde erect.
- Peticie. For this time wee haue sayd sufficient,
With Scire and Sapere we make an ende,
Beseeching our Lord God omnipotent,
That among vs his grace he may sende.
- Discipline. And here we make an ende trusting that all you present
Will beare vs recorde that no estate we defame;
To prayse the good order, now set is our intent,
And to further the glozy of Gods holy name.
- Exercitation. God saue the Quenes Highnes, and the Nobilitie,
Defend her long we beseeche thee Lorde:
Which is the Patronesse of all humilitie,
A setter forth of truth, and louer of concord.
- Peticie. God preserve the Quenes most honorable Councell,
With all the Magistrates of this Region,
That they may agree to maintaine Gods Gospell,
Which is the most true and sincere Religion,
To rote out Antechrist I pray God they may take payne
Then will the Lord send them honour and fame,
And after this life, geue them the rewarde of the same.
- Discipline. Pray we for the Clergie and hole Spiritualltie,
That they may teach and set forth Gods truth alway,
Beseeche you, let vs pray for the hole communaltie,
That vpon vs all, God mercy take may,
So that eche one of vs, in the right way may stape,
All glozy, honour, impery, maicstie, and dignitie,
Be geuen both now & evermore to the blessed Trinitie.

FINIS.

0-1-0



